

## Question of Depth

We claim the same poet for friend  
and love her each in his own way,  
spear greeneyes at one another,  
which people swear is the right thing.

You go for poem dissection,  
I for the inquiring instep  
a woman will nerve and muscle.  
We must be of different depth.

February Fourteenth

In forget-me-not and rose  
God wot,  
I left many a trace  
of the swift iambic of my pulse.  
Now I'm nineteen and less  
sentimental  
I flower your house  
with cheese and bread  
and my father's bottle,  
a dry leaf in my beard.

After the French

Tongue to tongue,  
bee & nasturtium.

-- Raymond Roseliep

Small Town, no. 7

After the baby  
the girl came right back  
cheerleading again and the  
girls' soccer team  
and everybody voted her  
and smiled and said  
she really was a  
nice girl and wasn't he an  
awful scoundrel  
and oh, the poor, poor  
child. Who does it  
look like?  
She finished and got a  
secretary diploma  
but nobody married her.